Destroying the Person Suit

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Destroying the Person Suit

by anabridge

Summary

Hannibal wants to make love, which they always do. But this time, Will wants to have filthy, dirty sex and see Hannibal lose his composure.

Notes

Writing about Will getting Hannibal to lose control is so fun. Comment if you'd like!

Hannibal always insisted on setting the mood. He wanted to wine and dine Will before their coupling. He wanted rose petals littered across the floor leading to their bed covered in silk sheets. He needed to have candles set up in their bedroom every time they made love.

But it was just that, every time. They only made love. They never had filthy, dirty sex like Will was used to. He wanted to see Hannibal lose his composure. So he started to teasing him without following through.

He would lean over suggestively in the kitchen while Hannibal cooked. He would leave Hannibal breathless after surprise kisses, leave the shower completely naked, and took his time putting on his clothes teasingly. He knew Hannibal needed to set up the stage for the perfect moment but also knew the man wanted him badly.

In this past week alone, Will had woke to Hannibal's erection pulsing between his cheeks numerous times. Hannibal would hold him so close these mornings that Will could feel his slightly damn tip along his perineum.

Will wanted to push to see when Hannibal would break. The man had incredible self-restraint, but Will was determined to make him give in to his hidden desire. Days passed, and nearly two weeks later, Hannibal still hadn't touched Will because the moment wasn't perfect. So Will decided he would try a much less subtle tactic.

One day as Hannibal dressed for work, Will decided to pleasure himself and see if Hannibal would react. After stripping entirely, Will lubed himself up with the expensive product Hannibal preferred. He stroked himself to hardness with his legs splayed wide on either side of the armchair in their bedroom.

He moaned exaggeratingly, loud enough to hopefully pique his lover's interest. As Hannibal emerged from the bathroom freshly showered and fully dressed, Will angled his hips lower and spread his legs wider, giving Hannibal a perfect view of his tight, pink hole. He continued to stroke, his eyes never leaving Hannibal's.

Meanwhile, Hannibal stood there in the doorway, captivated with hunger in his eyes.

"See something you like?" He asked.

In response, Hannibal nearly growled. "Will, I must leave for work..." Hannibal hesitated.

"That's fine. I'm close anyways," Will responded before moaning as he stroked up, squeezing slightly at the tip to release more fluid that made the squelching noise of his stroking even louder in the quiet room.

He fisted himself harder and panted with his eyes shut. He didn't anticipate Hannibal making long strides across the room to watch Will more closely.

When he opened his eyes, Will came at once, entranced at the sight of Hannibal watching him come in spurts across his stomach. Will saw Hannibal straining in his pants.

"How long can you keep this up, Hannibal?" He asked, lazily stroking his finger across the come on his stomach.

Before he could even think about what he was doing, Hannibal pulled Will's fingers into his mouth and sucked greedily. "I suppose I've reached my limit, haven't I? I've kept you waiting for me long enough," Hannibal chuckled.

Will quickly rose and switched their positions, pushing Hannibal's fully dressed frame into the armchair. He unbuttoned Hannibal's shirt with his clean hand while Hannibal continued to lick the come off his stomach.

"I don't know how I denied myself this for so long. You taste delicious, Will."

Now that he had Hannibal's shirt opened, Will leaned down to tease at Hannibal's taut nipples. He alternated licking between both rigid tips. Will didn't think he could come again for a while but seeing Hannibal needy like this beneath him made his cock twitch.

"I think we'll have time for something more romantic later, won't we, Hannibal? For now, let me give you this."

Hannibal weaved a hand into Will's curls as he sat astride him in his lap. Hannibal panted into his mouth between sloppy kisses, the angle off as Will sat up to hold himself above Hannibal.

He reached down and brushed his open palm along Hannibal's still-clothed cock. Hannibal tried to open his zipper but Will pulled his hands back and set them both tightly along his hips.

"No, Hannibal, just like this."

Will rubbed across the growing wet spot on Hannibal's expensive slacks.

"So wet for me already. I can't wait to taste you." Hannibal looked up expectantly, but Will just promised, "Next time."

He kept a steady rhythm, his palm growing warmer as Hannibal writhed beneath him under his consistent strokes.

Hannibal looked positively debauched. As the wet spot grew larger and larger, the struggle from before dwindled away. Hannibal grew more compliant beneath him.

"You look so beautiful when you're desperate, Hannibal" Will praised as he brought him to orgasm.

Hannibal came just like that, fully dressed in his Armani suit. The release left him feeling boneless. Although he wasn't ready to admit it to Will yet, Hannibal was relieved to give up some of his poised control. He couldn't remember having ever come so hard in his life.

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